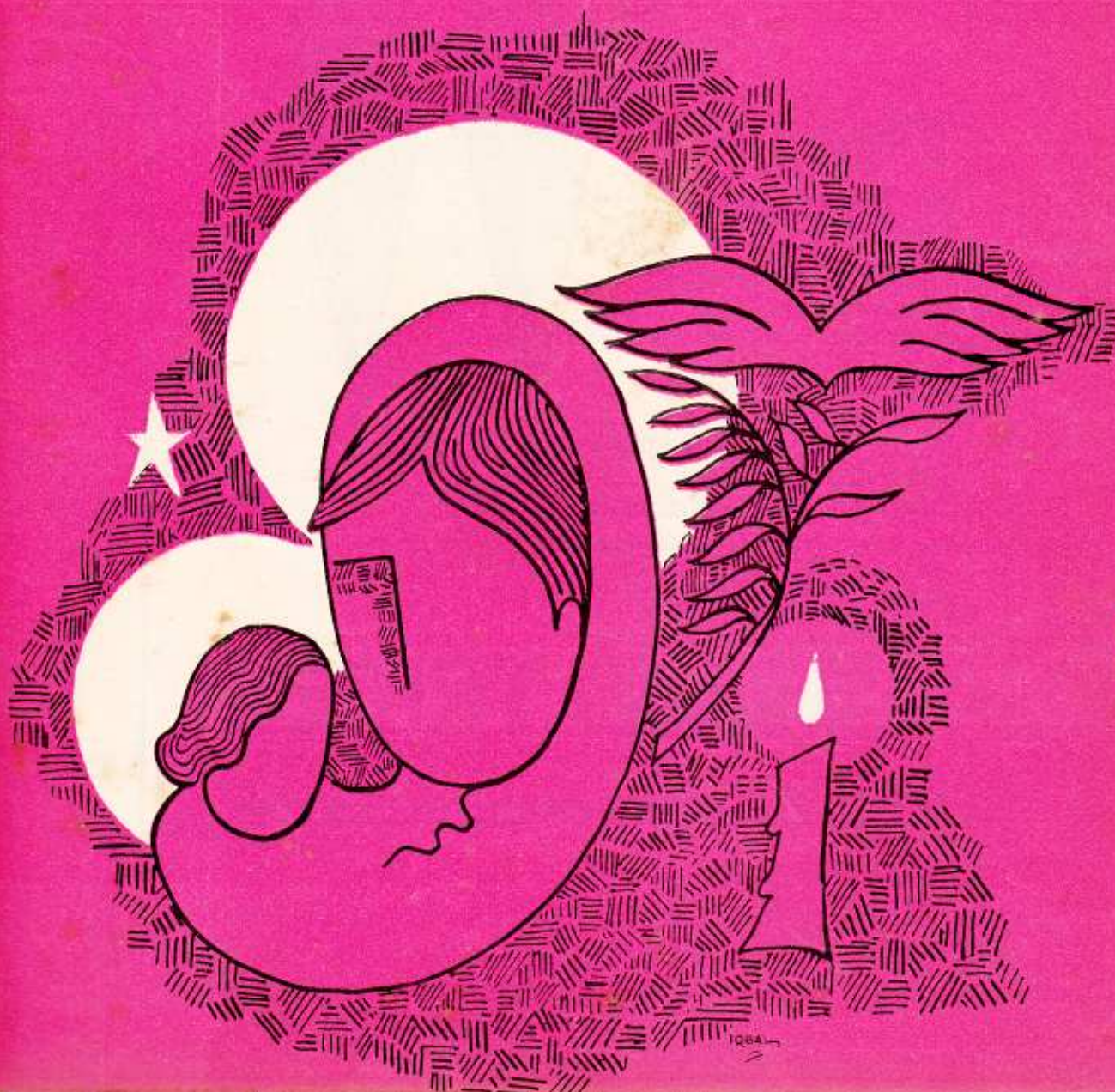


DECEMBER 1975

RE. 1

sunshine

TJ's Suggestions



sunshine

YOUTH MONTHLY WITH A WORLD VIEW
FOUNDED IN 1954

VOL. 22 NO. 5

DECEMBER 1975

PURPOSE

This Asian Youth Monthly is sponsored by the *Children's Sunshine Concerns*, a registered Non-profit educational Public Trust organized to ensure the all-round welfare of youth and to promote international understanding. SUNSHINE, founded in 1954, aims at fostering among boys and girls, 12-16, a democratic attitude, the service-above-self ideal, a sense of national unity and a world outlook. It also provides them with general knowledge, citizenship training, hints on efficiency and growing up, and appealing English language practice—all the pleasant way. It seeks to serve their age-equals abroad as a dependable bridge of friendship, and to meet the needs and interests of youth everywhere by giving them literature that is educative, edifying and entertaining.

FOUNDER-EDITOR:

Dr. G. S. Krishnayya (1898-1967)

One-time Principal, Govt. Teachers' College, Belgaum; Educ. Attache, Indian Embassy, U.S.A.; Inspector of European Schools, Bombay State; Prof. of Education, Kolhapur & Mysore. Author of *Pathways to Prose and Poetry*, *Citizenship Training in School*, *The Rural Community and the School*.

POST FREE SUBSCRIPTION RATES INDIA

	For Schools	For Homes
Single copy	Re. 1	Re. 1
Yearly	Rs. 10	Rs. 8
Two Years	Rs. 19	Rs. 15

(Concession on ten or more copies to a single address. Ask for details.)

Elsewhere

Rs 20	US \$4.00	Br. 1.50
-------	-----------	----------

(These rates include postage by Surface Mail)

Address: S U N S H I N E, Poona 1, India
Phone: 23930

CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIAL	
Your Part in 1976	5
STORIES	
Memories of Christmas	6
The Lonely Silence	10
Farmer Giles of Ham	
(Conclusion)	14
A Stroke of Good Luck	26
ARTICLES	
Sardar Patel	
Iron Man of India	8
Niger—River of Hope	12
Revolutions	
(Answers to November Quiz)	23
Legendary Sportsmen—5	
Don Bradman	25
SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY	
Solar Energy—How to Use It	16
Science News & Notes	19
FEATURES	
Puzzles & Pastimes	20
A Quiz on 1975	21
Answers to Quiz on Revolutions	23
Sports	25
By You: Young Writers' Section	26
Laughs	31
Pen Friends	33
How well have you read this issue?	34

twice?



Our Warmest Greetings to all our Readers
for Christmas and the New Year



Your Part in 1976

THE YEAR 1975 has been full of alarms and excursions. From the security and humdrum routine of your schools you have been aware that great surges of passion have shaken the frame of the Indian republic: The Mishra assassination, the agitations over corruption, the Gujarat election, the Court actions, then the sudden quiet since the Emergency with only the confident voice of the Prime Minister clearly heard. Meanwhile a good monsoon and the strict enforcement of tax laws pushed back the price rise.

Since October, Press censorship has been relaxed. In November even Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan was released for medical treatment. However, government Ministers and Mrs. Gandhi have made clear that the Opposition parties will not be allowed to spread their views through public meetings or the Press or radio. It is their judgement that this limitation on free discussion is necessary to give the government a free hand to do its work.

As six months under the Emergency come to an end, can we pinpoint the benefits that have been secured at this high cost?

THE GAINS since the Emergency are related first to better enforcement of the laws against smuggling and other crimes, and secondly, to a tightening up of discipline and a ban on strikes. In the past, politically influential 'trade unionists' had held to ransom the big industries in Bengal and Bihar. Thanks to stricter control now, these plants and mines are working at high efficiency for the first time in ten years. The government has also tried to make life easier for middle income consumers by requiring prices to be printed on all products and by putting down profiteering by small merchants.

Many people hope that this level of efficiency in government will continue even after the Emergency is ended.

It will, if personal discipline begins to be more common, if Duty is taken more seriously, if Honesty is practised by more of us all the time.

YOUR CLASSROOM may seem far removed from the arguments over the Constitution and Fundamental Rights and Free Speech, but it is only in these, your school days, that you can get into habits of Honesty, Fairness and Hard work on which alone a democracy can stand ... people with weak character require the whip of foreign rule or dictatorship.

All these need practice, and they need the moral support you get from a group of friends and from seeing the results of your efforts. This is where Student Clubs can be so worthwhile as well as so much fun. Club meetings and projects give you practise in working alongside people you may not always agree with. c/

MANY HANDS will make light work of civic action projects such as safai, street and compound cleaning, painting and brightening of walls, keeping parks and playgrounds tidy, helping out in hospitals and orphanages, and all the other things that need to be done in our towns and cities. Clubs can also have educational projects—visits to a radio or TV station, to zoos, power stations, museums, yoga centres or music schools.

It's up to you to make 1976 a creative, constructive, positive year in your school and neighbourhood, building the healthy roots of democracy.

YOUR EDITOR

Memories of Christmas

by DYLAN THOMAS

?
Dylan Thomas is today one of the best-known of modern writers and poets from Wales. He was born in a large industrial sea-town in 1914 (died in 1953) and there he grew up in this "ugly lovely town" where he had a marvellous childhood. Above all, he loved Nature and spent many hours alone in the park, learning what the flowers and birds, leaves and stones could tell him. In this story he recalls memories of many happy Christmases spent as a child with his family in Wales.

As you read, you will be fascinated by his vivid descriptions and clever observations about people, especially children. You may also find the style of writing a little different from what you are used to. It is called Stream-of-Consciousness. For example, when you think of a particular incident, take your tenth birthday, perhaps, you might remember the postman bringing a surprise present from your uncle, and as he walked in the

house he tripped over your baby brother, and the birthday party (were there ten or twenty guests?) and your sister getting sick from eating too much cake and one balloon that burst with a very loud bang and your friends played musical chairs. Get the idea? The point is you don't remember exactly what presents you received by post, but just a varied assortment of happenings that tumble and stream through your mind.

Do read the story out loud and slowly. Dylan Thomas loved the sound of words, and when he used to read his own work, he savoured each word as he read. Incidentally, he read this for the **Children's Hour** radio programme on the B.B.C. in 1945. You might have to read the story three or four times before you fully enjoy all the details, but it's worth it. To help you we have printed a brief synopsis of each paragraph on the right-hand side — read it first before reading the original. Happy Reading!

ONE Christmas was so much like another, in those years, around the sea-town corner now, and out of all sound except the distant speaking of the voices I sometimes hear a moment before sleep, that I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six; or whether the ice broke and the skating grocer vanished like a snowman through a white trap-door on that same Christmas Day that the mince-pies finished Uncle Arnold and we tobogganed down the seaward hill, all the afternoon and my hands burned so, with the heat and the cold, when I held them in front of the fire, that I cried for twenty minutes and then had some jelly.

nf
All the Christmases roll down the hill towards the Welsh-speaking sea, like a snowball growing whiter and bigger and rounder, and they stop at the rim of the ice-edged fish-freezing waves, and I plunge my hands in the snow and bring out whatever I can find; holly or robins or pudding, squabbles and carols and oranges and tin whistles, and the fire in the front room, and bang go the crackers, and holy, holy, ring the bells, and the glass bells shaking on the tree, and Black Beauty and Little Women and boys who have three helpings, and Auntie Bessie playing 'Pop Goes the Weasel' and 'Oranges and Lemons' on the untuned Piano in the parlour all through the thimble-hiding musical-

1. Memories of Christmas are vague in the author's mind. He can remember events, but not the exact sequence of them like whether the day the grocer was skating on the ice cracked and he fell in as if swallowed by a trap-door - was this the same day that Uncle Arnold was 'finished' (got sick) from eating too many mince pies (i.e. pudding with currants, raisins and candied peel), and also the same day that he and his family tobogganed down the hill sloping towards the sea, and his hands smarted so badly due to the cold that he cried, and then ate some jelly because he liked it and it made him feel better?



chairing blind-man's buffing party at the end of the never-to-be-forgotten day at the end of the unremembered year.

In goes my hand into the wool-white ball of holidays resting at the margin of the carol-singing sea, and out come Mrs. Prothero and the firemen.

It was on the afternoon of the day of Christmas Eve, and I was in Mrs. Prothero's garden, waiting for cats, with her son Jim. It was snowing. It was always snowing at Christmas; December, in my memory, is white as Lapland, though there were no rein-deers. But there were cats. Patient, cold, and callous, our hands wrapped in socks, we waited to snowball the cats. Sleek and long as jaguars and terrible-whiskered, spitting and snarling they would slink and sidle over the white backgarden walls, and the lynx-eyed hunters, Jim and I, fur-capped and moccasined would hurl our deadly snowballs at the green of their eyes. The wise cats never appeared. We were so still, Eskimo-footed arctic marksmen in the muffling silence of the eternal snows that we never heard Mrs. Prothero's first cry from her igloo at the bottom of the garden. Or, if we heard it at all, it was, to us, like the far-off challenge of our enemy and prey, the neighbour's Polar Cat. But soon the voice grew louder. 'Fire!' cried Mrs. Prothero and she beat the dinner-gong. And we ran down the garden, with the snowballs in our arms, towards the house, and smoke, indeed, was pouring out of the dining-room, and the gong was bombilating, and Mrs. Prothero was announcing ruin like a town-crier in Pompeii. We bounded into the house, laden with snowballs, and stopped at the open door of the smoke-filled room.

'Call the fire-brigade,' cried Mrs. Prothero as she beat the gong.

'They won't be there,' said Mr. Prothero, 'it's Christmas.'

There was no fire to be seen, only clouds of smoke and Mr. Prothero standing in the middle of them, waving his slipper as though he were conducting.

'Do something,' he said.

And we threw all our snowballs into the smoke—I think we missed Mr. Prothero — and ran out of the house to the telephone-box.

2. As the years go by, each Christmas adds to the one before to form, in the author's mind, a bigger and rounder snowball—each snowy Christmas brings new sounds and experiences. He plunges his hand into the snow like into a lucky-dip basket and pulls out memories — delicious plum pudding, quarrels over Christmas presents, singing Christmas carols, the shrill sound of toy whistles, the ringing of Church bells and the decorative bells tinkling on the Christmas tree. Also, Mother reading stories of *Black Beauty* and *Little Women*, and Auntie Bessie playing on the piano through the Children's games of Hide - the - Thimble, Musical Chairs and Blind Man's Buff.

3. In goes the author's hand into his 'memory ball' as white as the snows of Christmas-time, and out he brings his neighbour, Mrs Prothero. With her son Jim, the young Dylan waits in the backyard of their house in Wales which is now as cold and white as Lapland.

A HUNDRED years ago in 1877 in the small Gujarat town of Nadiad was born Vallabhbhai Patel. When he died in December 1950 he was recognised as the man most responsible for giving independent India her shape and strength. What kind of a man was he? How did he gain the skills that brought him the title 'Sardar' and 'Iron Man of India'?

Perhaps you will get a clue to his sense of self-discipline from the following story: When he was 33 and an active barrister at the Gujarat High Court, he was interrupted in the midst of his argument by an insistent messenger bearing a letter. He stopped and read the message, then continued his case. Only when he came out of the courtroom did it become known that he had just learnt of his wife's death. And lest you think he was merely unfeeling, let me add that despite much pleading by friends and relatives, and in the face of the local custom, he refused to remarry. Acharya Kripalani tells of how he first met Vallabhbhai at Ahmedabad in 1917 and thought of him as a typical fashionable barrister like those he knew in Allahabad. But a year later, he met him in Kheda where he was leading a peasant satyagraha. The former barrister was living on a plain diet, washing his own clothes daily before walking ten to fifteen miles visiting villages. "He took to this life as if born to it, and the satyagraha was successful."

Bardoli Inspires a Nation

Next came the great Bardoli campaign which was to make Patel a national figure. Here Patel found a cowed and submissive peasantry being browbeaten by the government into a new formula for land revenue twice as high as the old one. He resolved to make men of them, and he succeeded. Village by village, over the whole region, he made them discuss the matter and see that in uniting against the government they would eventually get justice.

SARDAR PATEL

The Iron Man of India

What kind of man was he?

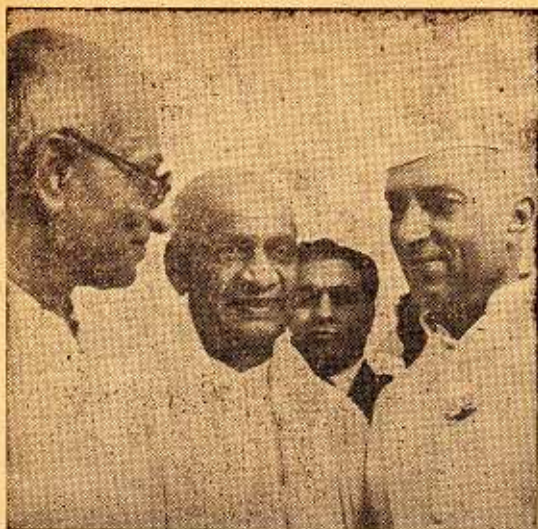
How did he get the title 'Sardar'?

What are his legacies to us?

The government threatened. The farmers stood firm. The government then 'auctioned' off the lands of some farmers to new owners. But even if some outsider did 'buy' these lands he found no way to come and take them over. Not even a cup of water would be given to a government agent without the Sardar's permission. That, in fact, is how he received this title. It is the way the farmers of Bardoli naturally addressed the leader who had made them into a non-violent Army, and kept them united for a year and more.

At one point the government seized and sold the farmers' most precious possessions, their cattle, but still they stood together, helping out those who suffered. Not long after, the Governor of Bombay made a personal visit to this remote corner and a review committee was appointed. The satyagraha was successfully over. The farmers got back their land. The rates went up by ten or twelve per cent only.

At the next All India Congress session, a resolution was passed congratulating Sardar on the way he had organised the Bardoli campaign. But when the audience wanted to see him, he merely stood up where he was, bowed and sat down, without saying a word.



Sardar Patel, the Deputy Premier, seen in 1949 with Prime Minister Nehru and the Governor-General, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari.

This was Patel's finest hour. As Jawaharlal Nehru said at that time, "If I had been asked six months ago what the course of developments would be, I would have hesitated to say that such rapid changes would take place ... the historian will consider this integration of the States into India as one of the dominant phases of India's story." Working in intimate partnership with V.P. Menon (whose book *THE INTEGRATION OF THE INDIAN STATES* must be read by you as a real thriller), Sardar dealt with all the princes. He was sensitive to the pride of the old Rajput families; he let them retain a few privileges and palaces and palanquins. He was swift to seize the hand of patriotism held out by some, such as Bikaner, and equally swift to act against traitors such as Junagadh. OL

The Minority Question

In those days, it seems, men earned their leadership by their own work for the people.

What is Nationalism?

From Gandhiji, Sardar had learnt the first principles of Indian nationalism—that the real India is to be found in the villages and the peasant is at the head and centre of it, and that no scheme of freedom or progress would have any meaning unless it was framed with special reference to him. heart

Was it because of this early teaching that Sardar's attention, at Independence and after, was on domestic affairs? He willingly left the making of India's place in the world to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru whom he accepted as his senior because Gandhiji wanted it. He recognised that Nehru's vision of an industrialised, westernised country would be relevant to the future. Meanwhile, there was much to be done at home. First resettling the refugees and giving them hope. Then ensuring that law and order did not break down, and the administration with it, when the British, paramount in India for two hundred years, suddenly withdrew. Not least, the princely states—whose total area was equal to that of India's—had to be absorbed somehow! 27

Sardar Patel was President as well as General Secretary of the Congress for many years. He had done all the background organisation for the great Dandi march. He could see into the heart of the Congressman better than most. He was also convinced of the need to maintain India's great traditions of tolerance and diversity. But he knew this could not be done by seeming to favour the minorities—Moslems, Christians and Sikhs—over the majority of Hindus. It would give too much of an excuse to the Hindu Mahasabha and other backward-looking communal groups to wean away the Congressmen. As a result, he was often in dispute with Pandit Nehru who was inclined to be idealistic in these matters. But the Sardar's devotion to all the people of India, and especially to the peasants, was never in doubt. Lign

What are his legacies to us? First, a sense of duty and self-discipline. Second, a down-to-earth practicality. Not for him the airy promises of Marxism. When asked about Socialism, his reply was typical: "In Gandhiji's Ashram, the first principle is non-possession of property. That is socialism, is it not? Practical socialism." 9

The Lonely Silence

BINA MERCHANT shifted her school books to her right arm as she ran up the steps and reached with her left hand towards the doorbell.

The doorbell was not like other doorbells, just as Bina's parents were not like the parents of her classmates. The button controlled a lever that dropped a heavy weight to the floor with a vibrating thud. Her parents were deaf-mutes.

Bina's reaching hand hesitated. Perhaps her mother was lying down. She did not expect Bina home until after her volunteer duty at the hospital. She would just leave her books and not disturb her mother.

She put her books on the desk in the sitting room, but her geometry book slid off the pile and knocked a paper lying there to the floor. Bina stooped to pick it up. It was a half-finished letter to Mrs. Ghosh, the supervisor of the hospital volunteers, in her mother's handwriting.

Dear Mrs. Ghosh,

Bina's birthday is on the nineteenth. I should like to give a surprise birthday party for her, but I do not know the names of her friends who work with her at the hospital. Would you be kind enough to send me a list of the other Volunteers so I may send invitations to them?

The letter broke off as though her mother had remembered something she must do in the kitchen.

Fear rose in little waves to engulf Bina as she crumpled the letter. This couldn't happen. She put her hands over her ears to shut out the faraway cruel voices.

"Bina Merchant is a dummy
Just like her daddy and her mummy."

Invisible mocking children danced around her, wriggling their fingers at her and clapping their hands.

"Wriggle your fingers and clap your hands.
That's how we talk in dummy land."

It was Shalini, who had lived next door, who made up the verses and led the mocking children. By the time Bina moved away when she was in the sixth standard, the fun had all grown stale through repetition. But not to Bina, who could not forget.

They now lived in Calcutta, and Bina went to a new school and met new classmates. She did not grow careless and use the sign language she had learned almost before she learned to speak. She did not invite friends home. None of her classmates knew her painful secret.

A hand clap brought her attention to the kitchen doorway. Her mother stood there staring at the crumpled letter in Bina's hand. She was angry, but Bina leaped to attack first.

"Why? Why do you want to spoil everything for me? After I've tried so hard. If you do this ... if you send this letter and invite people here ... I won't come to the party. I won't be laughed at any more. I won't go back to being the dummies' kid."

Her mother's fingers made rapid word signs, but Bina would not look at them. It was the first time she had ever repeated the taunts of her playmates. She had spoken so quickly she knew her mother had difficulty lip-reading all her words, but her sad look showed that she understood the meaning of Bina's outburst.

"I've got to catch the bus. I'm late now." Bina hurried toward the front door, ignoring the loud clapped commands for her to stop and turn around. She did not want to hurt her mother, but she could not bear to be hurt any more, either. Why couldn't her parents just leave her alone?

It wasn't so hard for them. Daddy worked with his brother, in Grandpa's printing busi-



ness. They both had friends from the school for deaf and dumb children that they had been to when they were young. Sometimes when Bina saw them entertaining their friends, laughing at each other's silent jokes, arguing heatedly with rapid fingers, Bina thought bitterly that she suffered more from their affliction than they seemed to. She was the one who could have no friends.

She tried to push her personal worries away when she reached the hospital. Today was her turn in the Children's Ward with Purnima.

"I like Pediatrics, don't you?" Purnima asked. "Children may be noisy, but they're never dull."

Bina grinned back. From the large ward room came all sorts of noises, from moans and giggles to howls of temper, and the voice of a nurse trying to quiet a small screamer. "Yes, I think we will be very busy."

It was to be a busy three hours, Bina could see as soon as they entered the ward. The student nurse lifted a flushed face from the crib where she was trying to stop the screams of a little boy determined to batter his brains out against the bars to which he clung desperately.

"Glad to see you girls," she said wearily. "I have to make these beds before I go off duty. Any suggestions on how to quieten this one?"

The boy in the bed by the door, his head wrapped in bandages, twisted his thin hands weakly, sending a plea for the mother he could not call. Bina stopped beside him, and her hands almost automatically curved to reassure him, but the head nurse spoke behind her. "Poor little fellow. He can't speak."

Bina let her hand drop to her side. She had come so close to giving away her secret! Anger swept through her. She had come here to run away from just this problem for a few hours, and here she was face to face with it again. It wasn't fair.

The nurse took the small fingers in both her hands and tried to reassure him. "It will be all right, Rohan. Your mother is here in the hospital too. You will see her soon." She looked up at Bina. "If only I could make him understand. His mother is unconscious—was in a bad car accident, but the doctor is sure she will be all right." She sighed. "Poor boy. He is frightened because he cannot understand." 27/

The little girl in the next bed whimpered irritably, and Bina turned to her. She was afraid of Rohan. Afraid of what he could do to her if she responded to his need.

She was sorry for the boy, but she had worked hard these last years building up a separate life for herself. She allowed herself only a limited amount of contact with others in ways, like this hospital work, that would not require her to have her friends come to her house. She could not use her hands to 'talk' to the little deaf boy because the nurses and the other volunteers would know her secret. Because they were older and more mature than children, maybe they would not taunt her openly, but they would surely treat her differently.

So Bina went on with her work, helping the younger children with their food, wiping

NIGER

River of
Hope



CIVILISATION in India is the story of the Ganges, the Godavari and the Kaveri. In Africa, we have read all about the Nile, but how many of you know about the Congo and the Niger rivers?

Draining a basin of 430,000 square miles, the Niger is a veritable river of life for West Africa. It starts in the lush, tropical highlands of Guinea. A gentle incline coaxes it north-eastward into Mali through grasslands. Later it has the Sahara desert to the north and Savannah grasslands in the south. Here it forms the famous Inland Delta, the only one in the world, so called because the river breaks up into a number of streams and lakes before emerging. Then through numerous sand dunes it swings southeast, entering first the Republic of Niger and then Nigeria where it re-enters steaming jungle, finally reaching the Atlantic through swamps and estuaries to form a real delta unrivalled in Africa for size and complexity. Today this delta region is covered with oil derricks that make Nigeria the richest nation in Africa.

But powerful and wealthy empires

flourished along the Niger before Europe had emerged from the Middle Ages. In the 14th Century the Empire of Mali controlled a 1,500-mile stretch of the river. Placer gold (gold found in deposits of sand or gravel) from the upper Niger made ancient Mali fabulously wealthy. History records that in 1324, when a generous Malian king stopped in Cairo while on his pilgrimage to Mecca, the price of gold in Egypt fell steeply! Today, the individual Malinke is prevented by law from mining gold, so he grows tobacco. And despite periods of drought, he seems to have struck it rich.

In an ordinary year the Niger begins to swell from heavy rains falling in Guinea in the spring. The shallow bed can hardly hold the flood water gathered from a hundred tributary streams.

Inland Delta, a Vast Fish Farm

The Inland Delta, 1000 miles from its source, acts as a great sponge for the Niger's flood water. It stores the flood water and releases it slowly for its 1,500-mile journey to the sea.

According to a U.N. Food and Agriculture Organisation expert, the Inland Delta is "one of Africa's, if not the world's, most enormous inland fishery resources". When the water rises, fish leave the main bed of the river, and spawn and grow fat in its watery pastures. As the water recedes, the fish struggle back to the main channel, falling easy prey to the fisherman's spear, net and trap. In a good year, Mali's catch of fish totals as much as 185,000 tons.

The Fulanis form the largest tribal group that inhabit the Inland Delta. They are herds-men, and every year they take their cattle, sheep and goats to the open pastures in the Sahel region of Mali. After the grasses dry up and the harvest is in, they return to graze their cattle on the remaining stubble. This arrangement provides farmers with fertilizer and dairy products, and herdsmen with pasture and grain.

Everyone has heard of Timbuktu. We use it to mean a place which is so far away as to be in a never-never land. You will find Timbuktu on our map almost at the northernmost point of the Niger's Inland Delta. Here it is the meeting point of many trade routes. North of the city are the empty wastes of the Sahara through which hardy camels—and nowadays trucks too—bring goods from the Mediterranean coast of North Africa. South East and West lie the more fertile areas watered by the Niger.

Timbuktu's square brown mud houses and winding streets provide the main market for this whole region. Actually, the oil-based economic boom in Nigeria requires now much more imports than her ports can manage. As a result many industrial goods from Europe come to Nigeria by road—across the Sahara. You can imagine the happiness of these lonely convoys when they see the minarets of Timbuktu in the distance after a week of seeing nothing but sand dunes.

The Niger itself, like all rivers, is a busy highway for traders. Weekly bazaars are held along its banks where precious salt from the



A market on the Niger delta in Mali where goods from the Sahara, principally salt, are traded in the straw-mat stalls for pottery, cloth, grain, spices and dry fish. Note the rows of salt cakes.

Sahara is sold in huge cakes along with fish, spices, clothes and all the other necessities of life.

Downriver from Timbuktu, along the shore, Fulani huts give way to mat-covered homes of the Songhai which are shaped like tortoise shells. Here and there mudwalled mosques poke up into the sky with their minarets. The Niger has always been a cultural meeting-place for nomadic Africans such as the Tuareg, the caravanners of the desert and herdsmen of the Sahel, and agriculturalists like the Songhais.

At Gao, a city of 15,000 people and once the capital of the Songhai Empire which rose after the decline of the Mali empire in the 14 century, we witness a dramatic hippopotamus hunt. Occasionally, the government issues a permit to kill a hippo that has attacked the pirogues (long, narrow boats) of fishermen and marketgoers. Usually a rifle is used but in this case, the Songhais, praised along the River for their virtuosity with the harpoon, have volunteered to kill it.

Fifty Songhais in a dozen pirogues are

Farmer Giles of Ham

by J. R. R. TOLKIEN

(Conclusion)

The Story So Far:

The simple Farmer Giles was a hero in his village Ham for scaring away a huge, destructive giant and, especially, for capturing the fiery dragon, Chrysophylax. His only weapon was the magic sword—Tailbiter. The dragon pleaded to be set free in return for rich presents for all the citizens of Ham. But, he said, he would have to bring them from home. There was much fierce bargaining at this point, and they let him return home only with the assurance that he would bring back all his "ill-gotten wealth".

Of course, the cunning dragon did not return. So the King, who meanwhile had proclaimed that all the dragon's wealth was his, ordered his knights and Farmer Giles to go in search of Chrysophylax. They searched for many weary, fruitless days, till suddenly the dragon swooped down upon them and killed several of the king's knights. He was very little prepared, however, to meet Farmer Giles, who stood firm and unafraid, brandishing the shiny Tailbiter. The Farmer had by now become an exceedingly smooth bargainer and his wits were certainly brighter when it came to demanding the dragon's fabulous wealth. The dragon had no option but to give in and bring out the treasure chests. Farmer Giles then bound his wings and tied most of the load on his back. Then he stuffed his pockets with richly sparkling jewels and tied only a small load on his mare's back.

In this manner, the odd procession (enhanced by a dozen young lads singing songs in Farmer Giles' honour) started on its way. There was much cheering of the Farmer and booing of the (now terribly embarrassed) dragon, especially when they reached their own village of Ham. Now read on . . .

THE NEWS SOON REACHED the capital, and forgetting the official mourning, and their business as well, people gathered in the streets. There was much shouting and noise.

The King was in his great house, biting his nails and tugging his beard. Between grief and rage (and financial anxiety) his mood was so grim that no one dared speak to him. But at last the noise of the town came to his ears: it did not sound like mourning or weeping.

"What is all the noise about?" he demanded. "Tell the people to go indoors and mourn decently! It sounds more like a goose-fair."

"The dragon has come back, lord," they answered.

"What!" said the King. "Summon our knights, or what is left of them!"

"There is no need, lord," they answered. "With Master Ægidius behind him the dragon is tame as tame. The news has not long come in, and reports are conflicting."

"Bless our Soul!" said the King, looking greatly relieved. Is there any sign of our treasure?"

"Reports say that there is a veritable mountain of it, lord," they answered.

"When will it arrive?" said the King eagerly. "A good man this Ægidius—send him in to us as soon as he comes!"

There was some hesitation in replying to this. At last someone took courage and said: "Your pardon, lord, but we hear that the farmer has turned aside towards his own home. But doubtless he will hasten here in suitable raiment at the earliest opportunity."

"Doubtless," said the King. "But confound his raiment! He had no business to go home without reporting. We are much displeased."

The earliest opportunity presented itself, and passed, and so did many later ones. In fact, Farmer Giles had been back for a good week or more, and still no word or news of



him came to the court.

On the tenth day the King's rage exploded. "Send for the fellow!" he said; and they sent.

"He will not come, lord!" said a trembling messenger two days later.

"Lightning of Heaven!" said the King. "Command him to come on Tuesday next, or he shall be cast into prison for life!"

"Your pardon, lord, but he still will not come," said a truly miserable messenger returning alone on the Tuesday.

"Ten Thousand Thunders!" said the King. "Take this fool to prison instead! Now send some men to fetch the churl in chains!" he bellowed to those that stood by.

"How many men?" they faltered. "There's a dragon, and . . . and Tailbiter, and—"

"And broomstales and fiddlesticks!" said the King. Then he ordered his white horse, and summoned his knights (or what was left of them) and a company of men-at-arms, and he rode off in fiery anger.

THE KING HAD A GRIM LOOK as he rode up at last to the river beyond which lay Ham and the house of the farmer. He had a mind to burn the place down. But there was Farmer Giles on the bridge, sitting on the grey mare with Tailbiter in his hand. No one else was to be seen, except Garm, who was lying in the road.

"Good morning, lord!" said Giles.

The King eyed him coldly. "Your manners are unfit for our presence," said he; "but that

does not excuse you from coming when sent for."

"I had not thought of it, lord, and that's a fact," said Giles. "I had matters of my own to mind, and had waited time enough on your errands."

"Ten Thousand Thunders!" cried the King in hot rage again. "To the devil with you and your insolence! No reward will you get after this; and you will be lucky if you escape hanging. And hanged you shall be, unless you beg our pardon here and now and give us back our sword."

"Eh?" said Giles. "I have got my reward, I reckon. Finding's keeping, and keeping's having, we say here. And I reckon Tailbiter is better with me than with your folk. But what are all these knights and men for, by any chance?" he asked. "If you've come on a visit, you'd be welcome with fewer. If you want to take me away, you'll need a lot more."

The King choked, and the knights went very red and looked down their noses.

"Give me my sword!" shouted the King, finding his voice.

"Give us your crown!" said Giles; a staggering remark, such as had never before been heard in all the days of the Middle Kingdom.

"Lightning of Heaven! Seize him and bind him!" cried the King, justly enraged beyond bearing. "What do you hang back for? Seize him or slay him!"

The men-at-arms strode forward.

"Help! help! help!" cried Garm.

JUST AT THAT MOMENT the dragon got up from under the bridge. He had lain there concealed under the far bank, deep in the river. Now he let off a terrible steam, for he had drunk many gallons of water. At once there was a thick fog, and only the red eyes of the dragon to be seen in it.

"Go home, you fools!" he bellowed. "Or I will tear you to pieces."

Then he sprang forward and struck a claw into the King's white horse; and it galloped

32

SOLAR ENERGY

HOW TO USE IT

THE idea of exploiting the Sun's enormous energy was conceived centuries ago. The famous Greek scientist, Archimedes (287-212 B.C.), is believed to have set fire to the Roman fleet at Syracuse by directing the sun's heat on it by mirrors. (Young Greek scientists recently re-enacted this scene using copper shields to prove it could be done. In fifteen minutes they set fire to a wooden boat!)

In modern times, research workers have studied and tested a number of schemes to get the maximum out of solar energy. While tests have been carried out for a number of years, the public did not wake up to the extent of research and the potential importance of solar energy until now. The energy crisis, that has shaken the world since 1973, has whipped up new interest in exploiting solar energy in the most economic ways possible. Proposals to use the sun usually run up against two tough problems: the cost of gathering solar energy, whether you do it with mirrors, flat collectors or silicon cells; secondly, the need to supply power when the sun isn't shining. Last year UNESCO held an international congress entitled "The Sun in the Service of Mankind"; what were some of the ideas reported there?

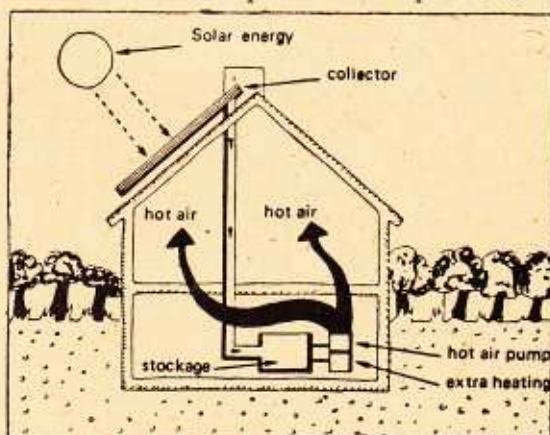
Using Nature's Ways

A number of unconventional solutions were advanced at this meeting, nearly all based on the common-sense approach that the best way to collect the sun's energy is synthesis, the process by which plants manufacture carbohydrates (sugars, starches, cel-

lulose) from carbondioxide and water. It is the basis of the "energy plantation" described in a paper by an American scientist, George C. Szego. He wants to use the sun to grow "crops" for fuel.

According to his calculations, 400 to 500 square miles (1,000 to 1,300 sq. kilometers) of land could produce enough fast growing trees to feed a 1,000 megawatt power plant. One-fifth of the area would be cut down each year and replanted. Burning wood, he says, does not lead to much pollution, and actually produces ash that could be used as a fertilizer to grow more trees.

He thinks that by farming trees to stoke an electric power station, it should be possible to produce fuel at a cost close to \$1 per million BTU's (British Thermal Units). This is incredibly cheap, considering that coal and oil-fired plants now operate at a



A glass-covered box on the roof captures solar energy, usually by heating water. The heat thus collected can be stored underground in a tank filled with pebbles. Already, a farmhouse outside Delhi does all its cooking and washing using solar-heated water.

cost of about \$50-\$100 per million BTU's!

Another possibility is that of using the ocean as a gigantic collector of solar energy. Some 40 years ago, a Frenchman, Georges Claude, suggested that the difference between the temperature of the ocean's surface and its depths could be exploited to run a heat engine. His idea was successfully demonstrated but remained dormant because oil was abundant and cheap. Today it is being revived.

Hydropower in Saudi Arabia?

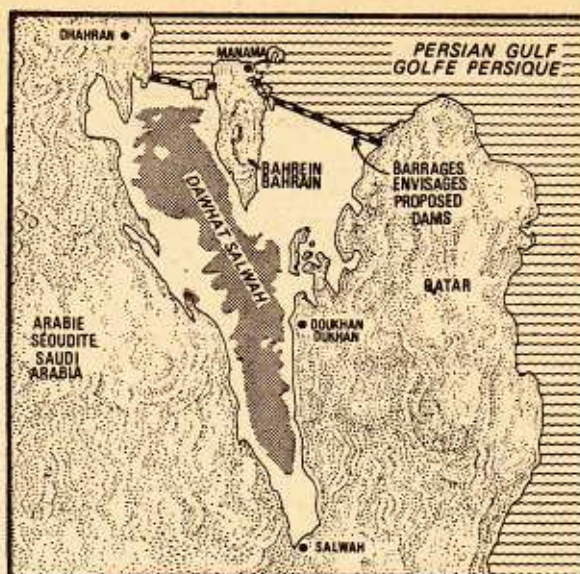
Another way to use the sea was suggested at the congress by Dr. Ali Kettani of the College of Petroleum and Minerals in Saudi Arabia. He wants to make use of *solar evaporation* to perform the apparently impossible feat of generating hydroelectric power in a country with scarcely any rainfall.

How? Look at a map of the Arabian peninsula. Its eastern coastline is indented by a small gulf, 2,300 sq. miles (6,000 sq. kilometres) in area, the Dawhat Salwah. Qatar lies across the Dawhat from Dahrhan, with Bahrain in the middle, forming a stepping stone for a proposed series of dams.

Once the Dawhat Salwah has been shut off from the open sea, it would receive no new water to replace what it loses by evaporation. After three or four years, Dr. Kettani calculates, its level would fall by 13 metres. That would be a sufficient drop to run a "helio-hydro-electric" plant producing 300 million kilowatt-hours per year.

He pointed out that other economic benefits could be expected from a Dawhat Salwah complex. Water on the lower side of the dam would be turned into a brine from which minerals such as magnesium and bromine could be extracted.

Kettani estimates it would cost \$150,000,000 to carry out his project. But it would bring in between \$50 and \$60 million a year.



Solar Pumps for the Desert?

Changes in society, as revolutionary as those wrought by the advent of steam or electricity, could well be in store if the sun becomes a major source of energy. Solar energy has already made some major changes in the life of Chinguetti, an oasis in the desert of Mauritania, a good 500 miles (800 km) from the sea. There, a solar pump built by a young French engineer, Jean-Pierre Girardier, supplies drinking water to 2,000 inhabitants.

His professor once told him that Africa had sun overhead and water down below. He said: "Look at the sun, it's hot. Look at the water, it's cold. You should be able to run an engine on that difference in temperature."

Girardier studied the problem until he finally came up with a simple, rugged engine that uses butane (similar to household cooking gas) as its fluid. Heat from a solar collector evaporates the butane which expands, driving a piston that works a pump. The cold water pumped to the surface is first used to condense the butane back into liquid form so that the cycle can start all over again.

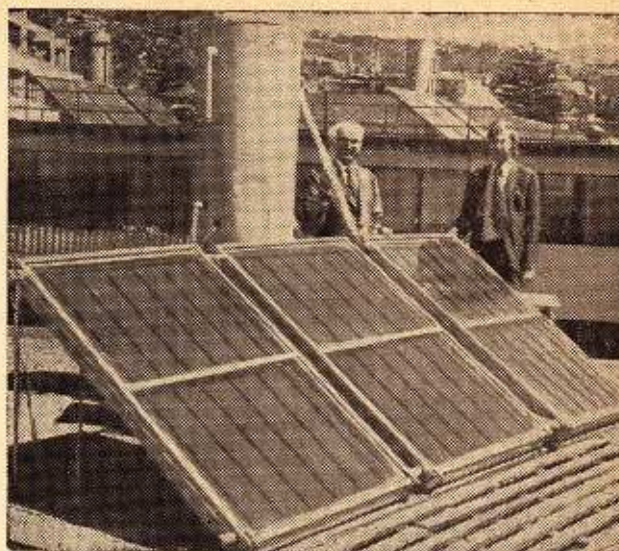
At Dakar, one of these engines has run for three years without a breakdown. In 1972, Girardier installed another at Chinguetti, one of the most isolated places in the world.

A small-scale social revolution took place. Since the solar pump would replace the children who had always drawn water from the well, Girardier and his architect, Georges Alexandroff reasoned that a school had to be built for the kids who now had nothing to do. Alexandroff designed the school in classic Mauritanian style and used its roof as a collector for the heat needed to drive Girardier's pump.

Breaking the Laws of Economics

They are now working on two new ideas—one a tourist hotel in the mid-Sahara, the other a big pumping station that would supply irrigation water. They seem to be breaking all the laws of economics because the solar engine is much more expensive than a diesel of equivalent power.

Girardier has a ready answer to that objection. His installation does cost about \$40,000, but the Mauritanian government estimates that it costs from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year just to maintain and fuel a diesel installation in a remote spot like Chinguetti, where oil has to be brought in trucks across the desert from the coast.



Projects similar to I.I.T.'s (see p. 19) are going on all over the world. Here's a typical roof-top solar heater. This one was devised by Dr. J. Hirschmann (seen above), who is Director of the Solar Energy Research centre in Valparaiso (Chile).

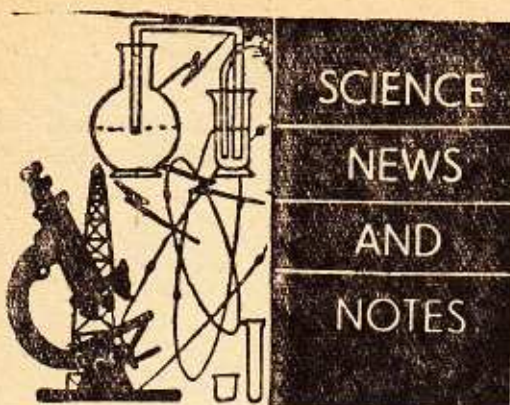
Solar energy is beginning to look like an economic proposition to industrialists operating on a much bigger scale than Girardier. It is estimated that the market for sun-powered equipment could run to \$1,000 million over the next ten years. Will Indian firms get any of this business? That's the same as asking: "Will you become a pioneer solar-energy scientist?"

13 (NIGER)

poised for battle against one hippo. Harpoons (spear-like weapons with ropes attached) and spears, honed to razor sharpness, glinted in the sun. Leather pouches hanging from the necks of the men hold the most potent of charms—verses from the Koran. The blood of a hen is poured into the river to appease the river god, and each pirogue holds a good-luck mascot—a little chicken. After several misses, a harpoon pierces the hippo's hide and shouts of cheer ring out. But the hippo has dived down, surfaced under one of the boats and spilled the crew into the water.

The tortured hippo vents his fury on one of the pirogues by neatly biting it in two. All magic fails. The spectacle last three days—and only after a rifleman reinforced the men, does the unfortunate hippo meet his end.

One knows that duels like these have taken place for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years along the Niger. Great rivers throughout the world have witnessed mankind's first settlements and have provided highways for his commerce long before he learnt to use the wheel. Each of them has a story to tell: the Danube, the Nile, the Indus, the Yangtse, the Mississippi, the Niger too.



Now, Communications over Glass Fibre

You have all seen telephone wires and poles. These wires carry your conversation from place to place. Underground cables with many wires bundled together are used for connecting a large number of telephone subscribers to an exchange within a city. Between cities, a special copper tube is used. It can carry about 1000 telephone calls at a time.

Copper has many uses, of course, and has begun to become scarce as well as expensive. Also, in India we often hear of copper cables being burned by lightning or dug out and stolen! Wouldn't you say that a new type of cable which is cheap and reliable is needed?

Yes? Well, scientists all over the world have been working on this in order to bring down the cost of telephone communication. Bell Telephone in the U.S.A. and Standard Telecommunication Laboratories of U.K. have announced that it is now completely practical to use **glass fibre** cables. At present, of course, production is on a pilot basis and **and** communication has been tried only over small distances. At a recent demonstration in London, two fibre systems—one carrying 120 phone calls at once on a single glass fibre over 5 km, and another carrying 2000 calls over 1 Km—were shown to work without needing any intermediate amplification.

Why is it better? Glass fibre communication is expected to be cheaper and more efficient than the present-day copper cables because the production process uses silica—common sand—as the raw material, rather than a metal at high purity. No insulation is needed. The messages travel

along inside the fibre as variations in the strength of a light beam. **Fibre optics** has previously been used in medicine to take pictures, from the inside, of parts of the human body. Total internal reflection is the physical principle involved: the light beam hits the inside surface of the fibre at an angle and is reflected back in without any of the light energy coming out, except at the two ends. This is only possible if the fibre is very, very thin. So far, only in U.S.A. and U.K. have scientists been able to draw fine long glass fibres for this purpose.

IIT Develops a Solar Air-Conditioner

Research workers at the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras have recently developed a system of air-conditioning, using energy from the sun. The system is suitable for the hot and humid climate of the coastal region of India, and may soon be used in factory buildings.

The principle is simple. First, room air is dried by blowing it across a chemical solution which absorbs moisture. (The chemical drying agent is then made fresh for re-use by solar heating.) The dry room air is then cooled in an evaporative cooler, and thus the conditioned air is now ready to go back into the room.

The heart of the system is the device which regenerates (makes fresh) the chemical solution used for drying the air. It uses sun's energy directly and so no blowers or other mechanical aids are necessary, except a small pump to circulate the solution.

The regenerated, absorbent solution can be stored to work the equipment at night and during long spells of cloudy weather. It is of simple construction. It is made of galvanised iron sheets, glass sheets and wooden planks. The regenerator may be fitted directly on top of the sloping roof of a building. This integration with the building will bring down the cost of the collector further.

The solar air-conditioner, like other solar equipment, requires considerable investment initially—nearly four times that of a standard air-conditioner. But since there would be no maintenance cost involved, it would work out cheaper in the long run. While it would be too costly a proposition for domestic use, the solar air-conditioner might be ideal for factories.



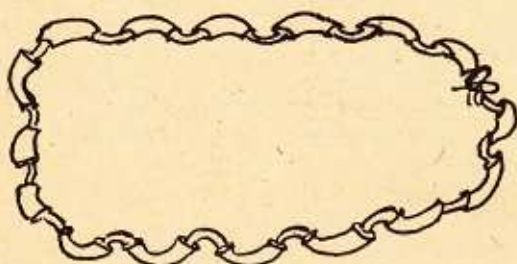
Puzzles and Pastimes

MACARONI NECKLACE

Start a fashion this Christmas with a swinging, way-out Macaroni Necklace. They're so simple to make, you can give them away as fast as you make them.

Get a packet of elbow macaroni (as in the picture). It is available at all general stores. Paint the pieces different colours. When they are dry, thread them on to a piece of plastic or cotton string. When you have the length you want, tie a knot with the ends of your string.

Remember long necklaces are in fashion!



WHAT FOR?

Each of these words starts with the letters FOR. Can you finish them? Example: FOR — is the shape and size of a book *FORMAT*

1. FOR — is wealth
2. FOR — deals with faulty memory
3. FOR — is a penalty
4. FOR — is to pardon
5. FOR — is a Chinese island
6. FOR — is to quit entirely
7. FOR — tells the ingredients
8. FOR — is to strengthen
9. FOR — is to do without
10. FOR — is to go forward

(Answers on p. 34)

MAKE WORD SQUARES

Each of the two blocks of 16 letters at the left can be arranged to form four words. Insert the letters over the dashes in such a way that you have the same four words across and down.

A A A A C E E E	A A A C C E E E
E L L R R R T T	E H H H M M T T

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| 1. — — — — | 1. — — — — |
| 2. — — — — | 2. — — — — |
| 3. — — — — | 3. — — — — |
| 4. — — — — | 4. — — — — |

INSTANT PORTRAITS

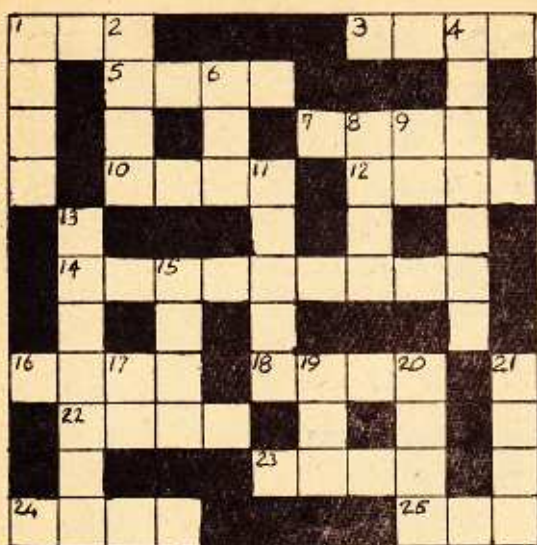
Having a Christmas Party? You may be able to unearth some hidden drawing skills when your friends try this clever 'number' game. Yes, as shown in the illustration below, start with a number. It is fascinating what a variety of faces will result even when everyone starts with the same number. Prizes can be given to the best face.

Or, play it with a twist. Have your friends sit in a circle. Each person studies carefully the face of the person on the right of him and then draws it quickly. Of course, the drawing must contain a number. The prize, here, goes to the one who is able to draw the best likeness.



CROSSWORD

In the October issue we introduced you to crosswords, where the fun lies in finding the word no matter how it is disguised! Again this month we are giving you the solutions with hints as to how the words were disguised in the clues. Let us know whether you like this kind of mental gymnastics!



CLUES ACROSS

1. Cheers! but surely not with this in one's eyes! (3) 3. Foul or Fair, it's no game when it tells on one's nerves! (4) 5. Ready for plucking. (4) 7. A century with age could make one shiver. (4) 10. To see but not as Toms? (4) 12. Girl found neither on land nor at sea? (4) 14. Red steers the cowardly quitters? (9) 16. LSD is no alkali (4) 18. Grand or small number of tricks it goes with a bang? (4) 22. The moon will wane tumble to wax again! (4) 23. Stone that changes colours found coming back in the lap of luxury. (4) 24. Draw one on your target and thread each to keep score! (4) 25. That's that. (3)

CLUES DOWN

1. Pretty and going a milking! (4) 2. Fall insignificantly in the ocean? (4) 4. Advertise apparel for a specified location? (7) 6. Dish being involved with a finger! (3) 8. Upon a time (4) 9. And behold. (2) 13. To teach mix tea to a sound of music while chewing cud! (7) 15. Briefly the editor is mixed up in the team? (4) 17. Not to be out is to win without a point. (2) 19. Turn a friend around for a chummy seat? (3) 20. A miss is as good as a lime squash! (4) 21. Benjamin in short will yield to a sound of music! (4)

(Solution on page 30)

A QUIZ ON

1975

1. Match up the following events with their dates

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1. Emergency Proclaimed | a. May 14 |
| 2. A woman climbs Mt. Everest | b. May 16 |
| 3. Janata Front wins Gujarat election | c. June 5 |
| 4. President Mujib assassinated | d. June 12 |
| 5. Apollo and Soyuz space craft are linked in space | e. June 26 |
| 6. Suez Canal reopened | f. July 17 |
| 7. OPEC raises oil prices by 10% | g. Aug. 15 |
| 8. Sikkim becomes 22nd State | h. Sept. 27 |

II. Under the Emergency, some sections of the Constitution were suspended. Which were the most important ones?

III. List the "20 points" of the Programme adopted by the Prime Minister since the Emergency.

IV. Mention two of the steps taken by the Central Government, since the Emergency, to boost the economy.

V. Which three groups conquered Mt. Everest in 1975?

VI. Why were the following people or places in the news in 1975?

1. Mishra 2. Allahabad 3. Sakharov 4. Sriharikota 5. Rabin 6. Spanish Sahara 7. Shanti Bhushan 8. Angola 9. G.S. Dhillon

VII. How did the cost of living change between November 1, 1974 and November 1, 1975?

(1. Down 20% 2. Down 10% 3. Steady 4. Up 10% 5. Up 20%). Why?

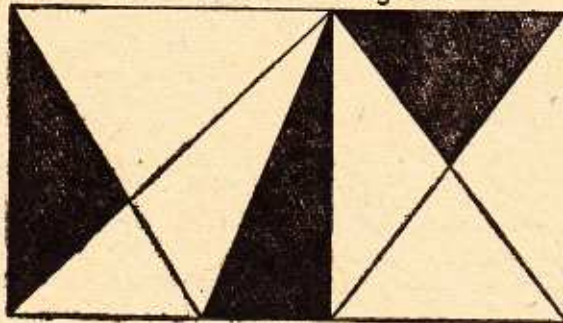
VIII. Who won the following tournaments in 1975?

Ranji, Durand, Aga Khan, Duleep, Deodhar.

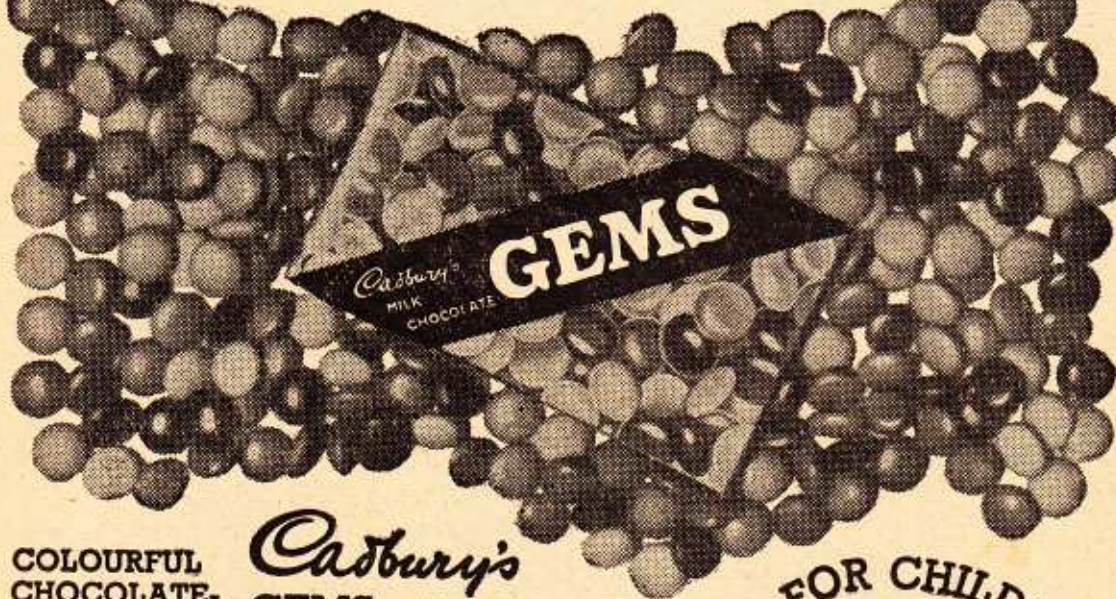
Send your answers before December 31. Upto 5 Points will be awarded on merit.

FUN WITH GEMS

HOW MANY 3-SIDED SHAPES
CAN YOU FIND? eg. \triangle .



4JUBM 1



COLOURFUL
CHOCOLATE-
CENTRED
GEMS.

Cadbury's
GEMS — THE FUN FOOD FOR CHILDREN

C-5 EN

REVOLUTIONS

(Answers to November Quiz)

I. Match up the dates with the five 'revolutions'.

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. Russian Revolution | a. 1961 |
| 2. American Declaration of Independence | b. 1789 |
| 6. Chinese 'Cultural' Revolution | c. 1857 |
| 4. French Revolution | d. 1917 |
| 5. Indian War of Independence | e. 1776 |

1—d; 2—e; 3—a; 4—b; 5—c.

II. Two of these were really "middle-class" or townspeople's revolts against the ruling power and another was conducted on behalf of the big landowners. Which were these three?

The Russian and French revolutions were carried out mainly by the townspeople of the respective capital cities. If the 1857 revolt in India had succeeded, it would have benefitted the princes and their subedars.

III. There were really two Russian revolutions, 12 years apart. What was the event which set off the first one?

In 1904, Japan won victories over Russia, and America arranged a peace treaty between them. The Russian intelligentsia in the towns burned with humiliation and tried in 1905 to overthrow the Tsar. They failed then, but succeeded in 1917.

IV. Chairman Mao, the leader of the Chinese people, himself set off the Chinese Cultural Revolution. What was his aim? What was the role of students in it?

Mao Tse Tung believed in 'permanent' revolution. He did not want a new ruling class of bureaucrats, party-men and managers to take the place

Condemned aristocrats being taken in a cart to the guillotine during the French Revolution.

of the older ruling class, as happened elsewhere. Idealistic students were Mao's 'troops' in this cultural revolution against his own party and bureaucrats!

V. Britain at first supported, later opposed, the French revolution. Why?

Britain and France, facing each other across the Channel, have always been rivals. Anything (like the Revolution) which was bad for the power of the French King, was therefore taken as being good for Britain. But later, when the Revolutionaries attacked not only the French King but also the aristocracy, and attempted to stir up the people everywhere, the English ruling groups got alarmed.

VI. In connection with what events of the 'War of Independence' or 'mutiny' are the following associated? (a) Oudh (b) Jhansi (c) Delhi (d) Gwalior (e) Lucknow (f) Calcutta

(a) The huge Kingdom of Oudh was annexed in 1856 by Lord Dalhousie on the grounds that an adopted son could not succeed to a princely throne. He had already annexed Satara, Nagpur and Jhansi. See also (e) below.

(b) Jhansi was the stronghold of the anti-British forces in central India from May 1857 onward. The fort was recaptured by the British in April 1858. Rani Laxmibai, 'the best man upon the side of the enemy' died in the battle for Gwalior later.

(c) Delhi, the seat of the last Moghul king (he had been a British pensioner for thirty years



already) was where the Indian regiments from Meerut collected in May 1857. It took until September 14 for the British to gather strength enough to attack the old City. Sikh and Gurkha troops then aided in its capture.

(d) The two strongest Mahratta princes, Holkar (Indore) and Scindia (Gwalior), were 'loyal' to the British but many of their own troops revolted in June 1857 to serve under Tantia Tope and Rani Laxmibai of Jhansi. In May 1858 almost all the Gwalior forces came over to the 'rebel' side, but in July the capture of Gwalior by the British, who returned it to Scindia, ended the whole war. Tantia Tope continued a guerilla resistance till he was killed a year later.

(e) Lucknow was the most important city between Calcutta and Delhi, and in May 1857 over 1000 British dependents and 1800 troops dug in at the Residency against a siege by Indian forces who were trying to expel the British from Oudh. They were reinforced in September, and again in November, after which they were able to fight their way out to Kanpur. In March 1858, a combined Nepali and British force recaptured Lucknow.

(f) Calcutta was at this time the principal British station and the headquarters of the 'Bengal Army'. The first mutinies took place here in February 1857. The Bombay and Madras armies did not revolt. In fact, it was the Bengal Army which had earlier subdued the Punjab and Nepal, but now the Sikhs and Gurkhas helped the British to crush the mutinous soldiers and princes who rose against the foreigner. Incidentally, the 'Black Hole' incident took place exactly a hundred years earlier in 1757, when Calcutta was occupied by Suraj-ud-Dowla.

VII. Who was the American representative in London at the time when the Declaration of Independence was signed? What role did the French play in the American war of independence?

There was no official representative of the American colonies in London in 1776. Benjamin Franklin had left in frustration in 1775 after 18 years. Without French help the American colonists would have been easily defeated by the British regular army. Lafayette Square, in Washington, is named after the French Marshal whose troops ensured General Washington's final victory.

VIII. A certain English nobleman played an important part both in South Indian history and in

the American revolutionary war. Who is he and what is he best known for?

Charles Cornwallis was Governor-General of India from 1786. In 1791 he captured Bangalore and in 1792 Seringapatam from Tippoo Sultan. Ten years earlier, on 19 October 1781, he had surrendered the British flag to General Washington at Yorktown, guaranteeing American independence.

(Continued from facing page)

only every third time he went in. It has all been made to look so easy for him as if he were a cricketing counterpart of those film stars who are not expected to do anything more than smile! But the impression that he was an unemotional gatherer of easily won triumphs is false. Cricket connoisseurs, who marvelled at his playing, were also shocked and puzzled by his poor performance on bad wickets and against uneasy bowling.

It is a paradox that a batsman like Bradman, who generally out-batted everyone else, should sometimes have batted very poorly too. This was on sticky wickets on which the quick ball reared up awkwardly, or the spinning ball turned viciously. For instance, 15 innings on bad wickets between 1928 and 1938 were analysed. He scored only 250 runs in all of them put together. In eleven of the fifteen outings he scored less than 15 runs! Five of these 15 innings were Tests; in two of them he scored ducks, and made only 22 in all the other three! One cricket veteran even omitted Bradman from the "World XI" he selected, because of his unreliability on bad wickets. Many others described him as the greatest batsman on good wickets.

But the wickets were generally good in first class matches, and Bradman became the despair of bowlers. This spurred some of his shrewd and determined opponents to devise special field placing and other tactics just to hold down his scores. The most notorious of these was "bodyline bowling" evolved by England's captain, Douglas Jardine, in 1930.

In the next issue, you can read more about this legendary batsman's techniques, and his (mis)adventures against bodyline bowling.

DON BRADMAN

DON BRADMAN (now Sir Donald) has become one of cricket's immortals for his legendary feats in the game. His name has become unforgettable in the sports world as a "run-getting machine" and as the greatest despair (not to say, 'killer') of bowlers.

Born on August 27, 1908, Bradman was a sensation from his debut at 19 until his retirement at 40. If the countless columns and chapters published about Bradman were placed end-to-end, they would stretch from the pavilion-end to the Pyramids and reach beyond the bounds of credibility! No writer of schoolboy fiction would have dared to credit his hero with performances so astonishing: a hundred in his opening first-class match; 236 in his first match in England; first visiting batsman to score 1000 before the end of May; 131 in his first Test in England; 254 in his first Test at Lord's; 105 before lunch; 309 in one day at Leeds—all these before he turned 22! And so on, until retirement at 40, by which time he had made 117 hundreds, one in every second match. He was a fast scorer too. Don scored over 200 in a day half a dozen times, and once hit up 300 within a single day in a Test.

King George VI once asked the scorer, in a Test, whether he used an adding machine to keep up with Bradman. Even in the first year of World War II (1939), Bradman was given 21 lines in *Who's Who*—17 lines more than Stalin and just 8 lines fewer than Hitler. By his great feats, he also monopolised the pages—and honours—of the famous cricket almanac, *Wisden*. A critic once wrote that the harshest sentence that could be awarded as a punishment to a bowler would be: "Go and take Bradman out."

1930 (when he was 22) was his superlative year. He made the world record score of 452 not out for his home team, New South Wales,



Bradman making a powerful drive, stepping out of the crease.

against Queensland. The same year, he struck terror against England and the West Indies. He scored 974 runs in 7 test innings against England, thus averaging 139 runs per innings. (The next in average was his senior, Woodful, with 57.) They included a record test innings of 334 at Leeds, 254 at Lords, 232 at Oval and 131 at Nottingham. In the 1930-31 series against W. Indies, he scored 447 runs in 6 innings, including one of 223.

Bradman played against India in only one series—in 1947-48 when the Indian team toured Australia. Needless to say, both as a batsman and a shrewd skipper (with a galaxy of good players at his disposal), he was a terror. In 6 innings (including 3 centuries and one double century), he made 715 runs to average 178.75 per completed innings. Australia trounced India 4-0 in this series—by more than an innings in the 1st, 4th and 5th Tests and by 233 runs in the 3rd test. The 2nd was drawn, thanks to a long spell of rain.

Students of cricket history may easily wonder why Don ever got out—unless it were from boredom with run-making—and what could have gone astray to prevent his scoring 100, 200, 300 or more every time instead of

(Continued on facing page)

A STROKE OF GOOD LUCK

BY YOU

SUNIL was a small village boy, who was only ten years old. His father, Anu Baba, was hard-working, but very poor. Anu Baba lived in a little hut, with his wife and five children, of whom Sunil was the eldest.

Anu Baba could not send his children to school because he could not afford to buy them clothes. This was the main reason why Sunil was unhappy and envious of all the children he saw coming and going from school. Luckily for him, though, he had a great friend in Ashok who was the son of the village headman. Every evening when Ashok returned from school, he always taught Sunil whatever he had learned.

Sunil was an eager scholar, and had no trouble learning what Ashok taught him. His mother was not very enthusiastic about his efforts to study. She said it was a waste of **time and energy, and did one no good.** Sunil's father, however, did not share his wife's feelings. All he said was, "Let the boy learn what he can. It is good to know something of the world, isn't it my boy?" and Sunil would heartily agree with his father.

In this manner, Sunil began to study. Every evening at five, he used to run to Ashok's house, and wait there till his friend came back from school. After that they would sit together and work.

One day Ashok came skipping back from school. He found Sunil waiting to learn the day's work from him.

"I've got news!" he shouted gleefully, "Our school is going to have a competition."

"What competition?" inquired Sunil.

"Oh, we all have to write a composition and the best three will be given prizes. I'm taking part, and hoping to win!"

"Don't I wish I could take part, too!" murmured Sunil.

That evening when they had finished studying, Ashok had to write his composition.

"You, too, can write," he said, "just for fun, I mean."

After finishing, they kept their compositions together, and went off to play.

Next day Ashok happily set off to school with his composition carefully placed in a book. He was very anxious to win because the prizes were handsome ones. The first was a lamp, the second a flask, and the third was a book.

The day finally arrived, when the results were to be announced. All the students were assembled in the hall. The Principal came in. He cleared his throat and began,

"Children! I have got a strange announcement for you all," he paused, and smiled at the tense faces before him. "While the judges were looking through the compositions, they came across one, which they thought deserved the first prize. Its author's name was Sunil, and oddly enough, none of the Sunil's in our school took part in the competition. I shall now read you this composition and hope that its author will identify himself."

Slowly and reluctantly the truth dawned on Ashok. By mistake, he had given up Sunil's composition. Yes, there was no doubt about it. When the Principal finished reading the composition, he slowly raised his hand.

"I know something about it sir," said Ashok, and told him the whole story.

When the Principal heard of how badly Sunil wished to come to school, he said "Instead of three prizes, there shall be four. The first is won by Sunil, and it shall be Rs. 50, the second prize is won by ..."

The whole school clapped wildly, but I think Sunil clapped even more wildly when he came to know of his stroke of good luck."

—Namita Singh 1057/68, Poona
(8 Points)

7 (MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS)

'Let's call the police as well,' Jim said.

'And the ambulance.'

'And Ernie Jenkins, he likes fires.'

But we only called the fire-brigade, and soon the fire-engine came and three tall men in helmets brought a hose into the house and Mr. Prothero got out just in time before they turned it on. Nobody could have had a noisier Christmas Eve.

Now out of that bright white snowball of Christmas gone comes the stocking, the stocking of stockings, that hung at the foot of the bed with the arm of a golliwog dangling over the top and small bells ringing in the toes. There was a company, gallant and scarlet but never nice to taste though I always tried when very young, of belted and busbied and musketed lead soldiers so soon to lose their heads and legs in the wars on the kitchen table after the tea-things had been cleared away; and a bag of moist and many-coloured jelly-babies and folded flag and a false nose and a tram-conductor's cap and a machine that punched tickets and rang a bell; never a catapult; and a celluloid duck that made, when you pressed it, a most unduckling noise, a mewling moo that an ambitious cat might make who wishes to be a cow; and a painting-book in which I could make the grass, the trees, the sea, and the animals any colour I pleased.

Christmas morning was always over before you could say Jack Frost. And look! Someone found the silver-three-penny bit with a current on it; and the someone was always Uncle Arnold. The motto in my cracker read:

Let's all have fun this Christmas Day,

Let's play and sing and shout hooray!

And Auntie Bessie, who had already been frightened, twice by a clockwork mouse, whimpered at the sideboard and had some elderberry wine. And someone put a glass bowl full of nuts on the littered table, and my uncle said, as he said once every year: 'I've got a shoe-nut here. Fetch me a shoe-horn to open it, boy.'

And dinner was ended.

And I remember that on the afternoon of Christmas Day, when the others sat around the fire and told each other that this was nothing, no, nothing, to the great snowbound and turkey-proud yule-log-crakling holly-berry-bedizined and kissing-under-the mistletoe Christmas when they were children, I would go out, school-capped and gloved and muffled, with my bright new boots squeaking, into the white world to call on Jim and Dan and Jack and to walk with them through the silent snowscape of our town.

We went padding through the streets, leaving huge deep footprints in the snow, on the hidden pavements.

'I bet people'll think there's been hippos.'

Their imagination runs wild here, and they imagine themselves as sharp-eyed, Eskimo hunters in the arctic regions, silently awaiting their prey. Even Mrs. Prothero's house becomes an igloo, and they hardly hear her frantic call of "Fire" - she was crying out that her house would be ruined just like the ancient Roman city of Pompeii after the volcano.

4. And yet again the author dips into his memory-ball and out comes The Stocking (it is an old custom for children to hang old socks or stockings at the foot of their beds so that Santa Claus might fill them with a variety of toys and sweets, etc.) Among other things, when he was very young, the author loved to lick the colours on the smart little toy soldiers which, alas, would soon be broken in the course of the day as the young Dylan engaged them in numerous 'wars' on their dining table.

5. The family sit down to Christmas 'dinner' which is the equivalent of our 'burra khana' eaten on festive days. There are glimpses of Uncle Arnold finding the coin hidden in the plum pudding, he found it every year, and Auntie Bessie drinking a glass of mild wine to steady her nerves after being scared twice by a mechanical toy mouse.



Dear Daddy,
 Guess what I saw
 Sis doing yesterday!
 P.S. I caught her with my
 Click III
 Love,
 Rajesh.



Click III

The aim-and-shoot camera



Sole Distributors:
AGFA-GEVAERT INDIA LIMITED
 Merchant Chambers, 41 New Marine Lines, Bombay-400 020.
 Branches: Bombay • New Delhi • Calcutta • Madras
 ®Registered Trademark of Agfa-Gevaert, Antwerp/Leverkusen.
 Manufacturers of Photographic Products.

Mfd. by: New India Industries Limited, Baroda



PRICE
Rs. 70.25
 (Inclusive of
 excise duty.
 Local
 taxes extra)

61MOES/AG/2 1/75

'What would you do if you saw a hippo coming down Terrace Road?'

'I'd go like this, bang! I'd throw him over the railings and roll him down the hill and then I'd tickle him under the ear and he'd wag his tail...'

'What would you do if you saw two hippos...?'

Iron-flanked and bellowing he-hippos clanked and blundered and battered through the scudding snow towards us as we passed by Mr. Daniel's house.

'Let's post Mr. Daniel a snowball through his letter-box.'

Or we walked on the white shore.

'Can the fishes see it's snowing?'

'They think it's the sky falling down.'

We returned home through the desolate poor seafacing streets.

Bring out the tall tales now that we told by the fire as we roasted chestnuts and the gaslight bubbled low. Ghosts with their heads under their arms trailed their chains and said "whooh" like owls in the long nights when I dared not look over my shoulder; wild beasts lurked in the cubby-hole under the stairs where the gas-meter ticked. 'Once upon a time,' Jim said, 'there were three boys, just like us, who got lost in the dark in the snow, near Bethesda Chapel, and this is what happened to them...' It was the most dreadful happening I had ever heard.

And I remember that we went singing carols once, a night or two before Christmas Eve, when there wasn't the shaving of a moon to light the streets. At the end of a long road was a drive that led to a large house, and we stumbled up the darkness of the drive that night, each one of us afraid, each one holding a stone in his hand in case, and all of us too brave to say a word. The wind made through the drive-trees noises as of old and unpleasant and maybe web-footed men wheezing in caves. We reached the black bulk of the house.

'What shall we give them?' Dan whispered.

'"Hark the Herald"? "Christmas comes but once a Year"?'

'No,' Jack said: 'We'll sing "Good King Wenceslas." I'll count three.'

Good King Wenceslas looked out

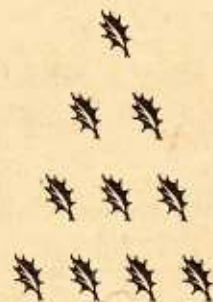
On the Feast of Stephen

And then a small dry voice, like the voice of someone who has not spoken for a long time, suddenly joined our singing: a small, dry voice from the other side of the door: a small dry voice through the keyhole. And when we stooped running we were outside our house; the front room was lovely and bright; the gramophone was playing; we saw the red and white balloons hanging from the gas-bracket; uncles and aunts sat by the fire; I thought I smelt our supper being fried in the kitchen. Everything was good again, and Christmas shone through all the familiar town.

6. In the afternoon after lunch, the older people sit around the fire and recall Christmases in the good old days when they were children and how wonderful everything was then (grown-ups always talk that way!). Young Dylan puts on his new boots and joins Jim, Dan and Jack for a walk through the town. They have fun together, imagining what they would do if they suddenly saw some hippos and writing funny things in the snow, and making and eating snow pies.

7. They return home. Then he remembers that sometimes they would tell spooky ghost stories in front of the fire.

8. Out of the memory-ball once more he pulls out carol-singing experiences, especially the time when they heard (probably imagined) a small, dry voice join their singing. They run home, scared out of their wits. And home is warm and bright and cheery.



11 (THE LONELY SILENCE)

up spilled milk, making sure the food went into small mouths instead of being used for ammunition. Always, however, through the noisy children's voices, Bina could hear the lonely silence of the mute boy. She would not look at him, and yet she was more conscious of him than of any of the other children.

She did not weaken. Let someone else answer the frightened appeal of the thin fingers. Purnima stopped to speak to Rohan on her way out of the ward, but Bina hurried by.

The sister in charge smiled at them as they turned in their pink work-slips. "You girls are a great help here with the children," she said. "Some of them have never been away from home before, and they need a great deal of attention."

Bina felt a sinking pit at the bottom of her stomach. It was the way she felt when she knew she had done something wrong. When she was small, her mother would punish her and the sick feeling would go away. Now she was too old to expect others to point out her mistakes. She had to make things right herself. She had ignored Rohan when she could have helped him.

"I have to run back for a moment. I'll see you later."

Purnima looked at her in surprise, but Bina was in a hurry to do what was right quickly before fear stopped her again.

Rohan had his eyes closed. Tears ran down his cheeks, and the soundless crying hurt Bina more than screams would have. She put her hand over his, and he jumped nervously and opened his eyes. Carefully she spelled out reassuring words. She could feel the tenseness leave his body when he learned his mother was near and sleeping, and he would see her soon. The pleading look faded from his eyes. He smiled.

The sister appeared suddenly beside Bina. "You understand him?" she said. The curiosity was there in her eyes, but there was admiration, too.

"My parents are also mute," Bina said it for the first time with compassion. The old bitterness had somehow disappeared.

"Both of them? They must be courageous people."

"Why, yes, they are." Bina had never thought of that before. They never acted sorry for themselves or expected special treatment. They had built a happy, useful life despite their handicaps. It was she, with no handicaps at all, who was filled with bitterness and self-pity. She had shut people out of her life and refused to communicate. She was shut into a lonely silence that they did not know.

"I've explained to Rohan that his mother is sleeping, and that he will see her soon. Is that all right?" The head nurse nodded, and Bina added, "I'll come back tomorrow to see him. I think he will be all right now that he understands."

Bina ran to catch Purnima before she went home. After all, Purnima was the first one she wanted to invite to her birthday party—and to her home.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

Across

1. Mud ... in your eye or cheers. 3. Clay ... on one's nerves 5. Ripe 7. Cold ... C—hundred 10. Peep ... from peeping toms 12. Nora ... land *nor* at sea 14. Deserters ... from RED STEERS 16. Acid 18. Slam 22. Anew ... from WANE (jumbled, mixed) 23. Opal ... backwards from lap of luxury 24. Bead ... from Bead of a gunsight—and threading of beads. 25. End

Down

1. Maid 2. Drop ... from DROP in the ocean 4. Address ... Ad and dress (apparel) 6. Pie 8. Once 9. Lo 13. Educate ... mix and chew TEA and CUD and add E, a musical note 15. Side ... ED+IS mixed (ED is 'brief' for editor) 17. In... WIN without 'W' a point of the compass. 19. Lap ... friend-PAL (turned around) 20. Mile ... A saying Also LIME 'squash' or mixed 21. Bend ... BEN+D a note or sound in music.



"I've got to reduce," said the fat lady to the dentist, "So pull away."

"I don't understand," replied the dentist. "You want an extraction?"

"That's right."

damn "But which tooth, ma'am?"

"The sweet one!"

The new employee limped up to the foreman at the end of a long day of back-breaking work.

"Boss, are you sure you got my name right?" he asked.

23 "It's right here—you're Joe Simpson, aren't you?" the foreman replied.

"Yeah, that's it," moaned the fellow. "I was just checking—I thought maybe you had me down as Samson."

A man was reluctantly making his yearly visit to the dentist. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the dentist. "You have the biggest cavity I've ever seen! Ever seen! Ever seen!"

"Well," said the man, "you don't have to repeat yourself!"

"I didn't," cried the dentist. "That was just the echo!"

"What kind of dog have you got there, kid?" asked a passerby regarding the nondescript pariah dog romping on the lawn with a young lad.

"He's German police dog," replied the youngster proudly.

"He certainly doesn't look like one," the stranger objected.

"Of course not," said the little fellow disdainfully, "he's in the secret service."

"Why, your office is as hot as an oven," exclaimed the wife.

"It should be, my dear; this is where I make our daily bread," replied her husband.

* * *

Thomas Edison, inventor of the electric light bulb and the gramophone, hated formal dinners, which seemed stuffy to him. One night at a particularly dull gathering, he decided to sneak away and return to his laboratory.

As he was pacing back and forth near the door, waiting for an opportune moment to escape, his host came up to him.

"It certainly is a delight to see you, Mr. Edison," he said. "What are you working on now?"

"My exit," replied the inventor.

* * *

A motorist brought his car into the shop for an inspection.

"Is there anything the matter with it?" asked the service man.

"Well, there's only one part of it that doesn't make a noise," said the motorist, "and that's the horn"

* * *

A talkative woman was pestering the gardener, asking a lot of silly questions. "What steps do you take with the caterpillars?" she asked next.

"Well, ma'am," said the exasperated man, "I take half a dozen steps into the nearest field and turn the caterpillars around three times so they get dizzy and don't know their way back."

* * *

"What is your cat's name, Jimmy?" asked the woman.

"Ben Hur," answered Jimmy.

"That's a funny name for a cat. Why did you name it that?"

"Well, we just called him Ben until he had kittens."

15 (FARMER GILES OF HAM)

away like the ten thousand thunders that the King mentioned so often. The other horses followed as swiftly: some had met this dragon before and did not like the memory.

The white horse was only scratched, and he was not allowed to go far. After a while the King brought him back. He was master of his own horse at any rate; and no one could say that he was afraid of any man or dragon on the face of the earth. The fog was gone when he got back, but so were all his knights and his men. Now things looked very different with the King all alone to talk to a stout farmer with Tailbiter and a dragon as well.

But talk did no good. Farmer Giles was obstinate. He would not yield, and he would not fight, though the King challenged him to single combat there and then.

"Nay, lord!" said he, laughing. "Go home and get cool! I don't want to hurt you; but you had best be off, or I won't be answerable for the worm. Good day!"

And that was the end of the Battle of the Bridge of Ham. Never a penny of all the treasure did the King get, nor any word of apology from Farmer Giles, who was beginning to think mighty well of himself. For many a mile round about men took Giles for their lord. Never a man could the King with all his titles get to ride against the rebel Ægidius; for he had become the Darling of the Land.

CHRYSTOPHYLAX REMAINED long in Ham, much to the profit of Giles; for the man who has a tame dragon is naturally respected. In this way arose the first of the titles of Giles: Dominus de Domito Serpente, which means Lord of the Tame Worm, or shortly, of Tame. As such he was widely honoured; but he still paid a nominal tribute to the King.

After some years Giles became Prince Julius Ægidius and the tribute ceased. He was fabulously rich, had built himself a hall of great magnificence and gathered great strength of men-at-arms. Very bright and gay they were, for their gear was the best that money could buy.

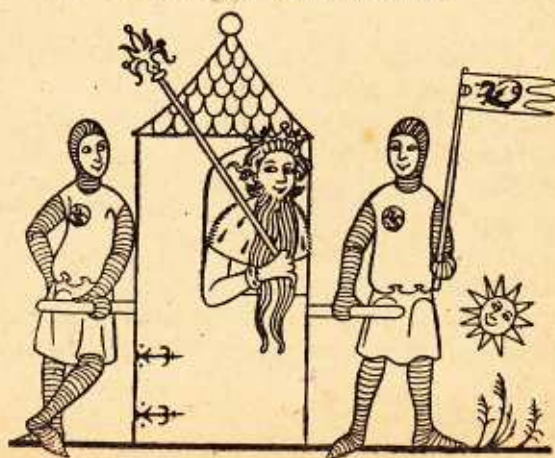
Garm had a gold collar and, while he lived, roamed at his will, a proud and happy dog, insufferable to his fellows; for he expected all other dogs to accord him the respect due to the terror and splendour of his master.

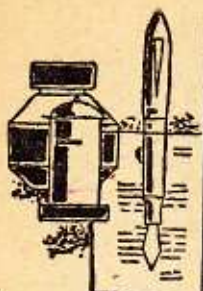
In the end Giles became a king, of course, the King of the Little Kingdom. He was crowned in Ham in the name of Ægidius Draconarius. His wife made a queen of great size and majesty, and she kept a tight hand on the household accounts. There was no getting round Queen Agatha—at least it was a long walk.

Thus Giles became at length old and venerable and had a white beard down to his knees, and a very respectable court and an entirely new order of knighthood. There were the Wormwardens, and a dragon was their ensign.

It must admitted that Giles owed his rise in a large measure to luck, though he showed some wits in the use of it. Both the luck and the wits remained with him to the end of his days, to the great benefit of his friends and neighbours. The parson became a bishop, and set up his *see* in the church of Ham, which was suitably enlarged.

The face of the land has changed since that time, and kingdoms have come and gone; woods have fallen, and rivers have shifted, and only the hills remain, and they are worn down by the rain and the wind. But still the name endures. In the days of which this tale speaks Worminghall it was, and a Royal Seat, and the dragon standard flew above the trees; and all things went well there and merrily, while Tailbiter was above ground.





pen friends

Only Subscribers can have their names published. Mention clearly your name, age, address, interests, S. R. No., Boy/Girl. Foreign readers may have their names printed, in exchange for 10 (used) commemorative stamps of their country. Age limit: 18 years.

INDIAN

Subir Dey (b 11)
Shirish Kumar Das (b 11)
Niraj Kumar Khetan (b 11)
All from:

St. Xavier's School Hostel
SAHIBGANJ
Dt. Santhal Parganas, Bihar
Reading, sports, stamps
Painting, swimming
Stamps, reading, cards.

Prakash Chand (b 15)
C/o Chompalal
Ajay Kirana Stores,
New Market,
RAJHARA, Dt. Durg, M.P.
Hiking, gardening.

Partho P. Mukherjee (b 12)
78/A North Colony,
SAHIBGANJ,
Dt. Santha Parganas, Bihar
Stamps, cricket.

Kumari Pushpa (g 14)
C/o Laxman,
Q. No. 69-A, St. No. 18
RAJHARA, Dt. Durg, M.P.
Reading, stories.

S. Ramnath (b 13)
C/o Shri V. Siva Raman,
Chief Accountant,
Sri Ramakrishna Mission
Vidyalaya, COIMBATORE
641 020, Tamil Nadu
Cricket, football, penfriends.

Girish Vahi (b 12)
Meenakshi Vahi (g 10)
Both:

C/o Amarnath Ishwardas,
Flat No. 17, 3rd Floor,
28 (Brd) Prabhat Building,
Marine Drive,
BOMBAY 400 020.
Stamps, coins, view cards.
Reading, games.

Sanjeev Kumar (b 14)
C/o B. L. Mehata,
Q. No. 10-A/IMA, St. No.12
RAJHARA, Dt. Durg, M.P.
Stamps.

Uma Nair (g 13)
C/o Mr. M.K.N. Nair,
Jubilee Garden,
JAMNAGAR 361 001, Guj.
Reading, stamps, view cards.

M. Thangavel, (b 17)
20/3 North Street,
Goppanur Pudur
Kappalan Karai P.O.
COIMBATORE 642 120,
Tamil Nadu
Stamps, photography, penfriends

Neeraj Kulshrestha (b 13)
C/o S. C. Kulshrestha
P.O. Sundernagar
TATANAGAR 832 107,
Bihar
Penfriendship.

Kamal Goel (b 13)
S/o Sh. B. S. Goel,
Mahindra Foods Pvt. Ltd.
P.O. THEUR, Dt. Poona
Stamps, reading, penfriends.

Shyam Ojha (b 17)
Elphinstone Mills Building,
2/16 Sayani Road,
BOMBAY 400 025
Stamps, science, friendship.

Shekhar Garg (b 14)
M/s Pars Ram Hukam Chand,
Sadar Bazaar,
BHATINDA, Punjab
Stamps, coins, view cards.

Malini Nagarajan (g 14)
C/o Mr. K.N.Nagarajan,
19/3 Armament Estate,
Pashan, POONA 411 021.
Stamps, sports.

Ashwini Arora (b 15)
Cambian Hall Hostel,
13 Young Road,
DEHRA DUN CANTT, U.P.
Stamps, sports, reading.

Abida Parveen (g 13)
3, Parthasarathy Colony,
Triplicane,
MADRAS 600 005
Penfriends.

Peter Wong (b 17)
Wan On Co.,
Church Road,
RANCHI 834001, Bihar
Pop music, Table-tennis.

Sunita Nand, (g 14)
C/o Shri H. Nath,
Q. No. 26/A (Near Primary
School).
RAJHARA MINES,
Dt. Durg, M.P.
Reading.

S. K. Habib (b 17)
'Habib Manzil',
Ganeshpeta,
NAGPUR 440018, Mah.
Stamps, view cards, penfriends.

FOREIGN

Anna Tecza (g 18)
Ul. Lumumby 32E/12,
80-367 GOLANSK,
Poland.
Coins, stamps, view cards.

Rahman Ahmed (b 16)
C/o Fauziah Hanim Hashim,
3 Jalan 10/12,
Petaling Jaya,
SELANGOR, Malaysia.
View cards, stamps, correspon-
dence.

S. Uthayakumar (b 16)
The Citadel,
25, Chundelikuli,
JAFFNA N.P., Sri Lanka.
Stamps, view cards, reading.

Teresa Sciskala (g 18)
Ul. Drzy Maly 41,
43320 Czechowice-Dziedzice,
POLAND
View cards.

Swaley Golamally (b 17)
Derningham,
TRIOLET, Mauritius.
Stamps, swimming, sports.

POINTS WINNERS

(October 1975)

QUIZ ON UNITED NATIONS

We are happy to have received entries for this quiz from a very large number of readers, out of whom 33 have scored Points. Please remember when answering these quizzes that we do not want you to just copy things out of books. Besides getting the correct facts, you must present the answers in your own words to get the full Points.

3 Points: Leonardo D'Souza 2003.

2 Points: Ravindra Gavale 1690, Hitendra Vaidya 9002, Somnath Routh 9249, Sunil Chopra 9720, Rohit Manaktala 1537, Ashok B. Raj 9807, P. Bobby George 8009, Felix Mascarenhas 9800, Amita Routh 2669, Cyprian D'Sylva 9205, Moses I. Pezarker 1422, Gazala 9877/1.

1 Point: Dipankar Dutta 2703, Probir Saha 4585, N. Anand 2526, T. Kanakaraju 9831, Vicraj T. Thomas 9798, Milind Rajadhyaksha 2394, Pranotosh Banerjee 977/24, Sheela Lakshmanan 1965, Gouri Wagadarikar 8375, Vasanti Gharpuray 9587/9, Malini Nagarajan 1057/37, Girish Shah 2390, Suddhasatwa Roy 2428, M. Thangavel 2850, C. S. Balakrishnan 9742, L. Shridevi 2302, Jitendra Kumar 2605, Uma Nair 2717, Ashis Kumar Ghose 1670, D. Nanda Kumar 2586.

HOW WELL HAVE YOU READ THIS ISSUE?

2 Points: Pranotosh Banerjee 977/24, Vicraj Thomas 9798

1 Point: A. Venkatraman 1808, Rohit Manaktala 1537, Sunil Chopra 9720, T. Kanakaraju 9831, Milind Rajadhyaksha 2394, Somnath Routh 9249, J. Stanley Job 2893, Reena Singh 9888, Cyprian Silva 9205, Ravindra Cavale 1690, Gouri Wagadarikar 8375, Sheela Lakshmanan 1965, Felix Mascarenhas 9800, D. Victor S. Raj 8811, Dipankar Dutta 2703, Probir Saha 4585, Suddhasatwa Roy 2428, Harveen Anand 4760.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

MAKE WORD SQUARES

C A R T	M E A T
A R E A	E A C H
R E A L	A C H E
T A L E	T H E M

WHAT FOR?

1. FOR—TUNE; 2. FOR—GET; 3. FOR—FEIT; 4. FOR—GIVE; 5. FOR—MOSA; 6. FOR—SAKE; 7. FOR—MULA; 8. FOR—TIFY; 9. FOR—GO; 10. FOR—TH;

HOW WELL HAVE YOU READ THIS ISSUE ?

State whether the following are 'true' or 'false', giving reasons for 'false' statements. Send your answers to "Contests, Sunshine, Poona 1". The entry should be on an independent sheet, mentioning clearly name and SR Number. 2 Points for correct entries, 1 Point for one-error entries. Last Date: December 30

1. Don Bradman made the highest scores in cricket on every type of ground.

2. According to Gandhiji, and as observed by Sardar Patel, the first principle of Indian Nationalism is concern for the villager.

3. The Niger river is the centre of all economic life and wealth in its region.

4. Evaporating, or at least heating, a liquid is the first step in all solar-energy projects.

5. Solar energy equipment is less expensive today than electric or diesel machinery.

6. Telephone cables using thin Glass fibres can be made from ordinary sand.

7. Vallabhbhai Patel's eloquent speeches gave the peasants of Bardoli strength to resist a selfish government.

8. Dylan Thomas' writing is meant for reading aloud.

LAST MONTH'S QUIZ

1. True 2. True 3. False. (They can produce nuts when they are 7 or 8 years old.) 4. False. (They plan to carry more passengers by reducing the number of seats and making more room for standees.) 5. True 6. False. (Live dramatic groups visit villages to

promote literacy). 7. False. (He started a bilingual Bengali-English magazine and a Persian weekly.) 8. False. (It is played in cities also.)

CLOSING THOUGHT

Don't worry about knowing people—just make yourself worth knowing.





Ram & Shyam on an evening walk. A strange sight disturbs their talk.



"Look Ram, that's not a thief. It's Slippery Shah, the smuggler chief."



"Hurry inspector, rush this way. Let's nab those smugglers without delay."



The smugglers run, but start to slip. On the ground their feet don't grip.



"I rolled Poppins packets under their feet! Let's open them and have a treat!"



Lickable Likeable Lovable

PARLE POPPINS

Fruity Sweets

5 fruity flavours —
raspberry, pineapple, lemon,
orange and lime.

everest/981/pp